

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED JOURNALS.

Shade of Hans Holbein, of Bernard, and of old Thomas Bewick what is the matter with the present generation of English word engravers of that class, it may be asked, whose tawdry, common place genius comes before the world of the United Kingdom and her Colonies in such uncouth cataclysmas as nearly all the comic papers, excepting *Punch*. The quality of the wit in such periodicals, it may be argued, is good enough for the class of readers, but whether that be so or not, the delineating and illustrative abilities of the artists are conspicuous by their absence, and why this should be so it is difficult to understand when we find hosts of school boys and young ladies who are possessed of high artistic attainments before they have entered on their teens.

"The Graphic" too, that popular rival of "the Illustrated" is not above the honest criticism of those who would desire, and reasonably expect, the countrymen of Bewick to lead the world in their own particular sphere. There was a time in its history when it seemed to do this, but that is half a generation ago during which the wood engravers of Berlin, of Madrid, Paris, and especially of New York have come up to the English in a canteen, and are actually leaving the artists of the Strand in a dim and hazy distance. What our countrymen intend to do we know not, but are assured of this, that if they do not determine to keep up with the progress of the world, that world must leave them. We could have thought—that having at one time led the world in wood engraving they would ill brook taking a second place in that condition of excellence which an educated public has a right to expect and even to demand. Thus we observe the more enterprising publishers of "Harpers" and other New York houses actually invading the fastnesses of Fleet Street and winning battles in the enemy's country. Like Wellington the famous, those publishers have wrested from the grasp of their rivals' fortress after fortress, have crossed the Pyramids, and are winning great victories in their pictures and grotesquely unreal either in perspective, in outline, or in shadow. For a great maritime Empire like our own these periodicals should, above all things, have a first class marine artist, but if such an individual exists we find no evidence of his being, in their pages. Since the death of Wilson who was "on the illustrated," we look in vain for such specimens of "frozen poetry" as his magical touches have left behind. A few horizontal lines and three or four thrown in at random as perpendiculars are now made to pass muster as the "ship" in all its majesty, of swelling canvas," and all that is required to complete the picture—so that there shall be no mistake, is some kind of an explanation underneath to inform the bewildered student that "this is a ship." In case he should take it for a haystack. Nowadays nearly every school boy can fairly delineate a house, a horse, a man, a tree, or a dog, and in looking through the pages of the two London weeklies that is about the extent of all the genius we find on hand. One of them, we are not quite sure which, set itself out a few months ago to give the world a sketch of Hongkong from Kennedy Road, and but that it was explained underneath, the casual subscriber might have taken the attempt as being a picture of Rio. Only a week or two ago "The Graphic" favoured us with some of the conspicuous personages of the German Empire amongst whom—walking out with the present Emperor was a demented looking wretch which the editor wished his readers to believe was a portrait of Sir Morell Mackenzie. As a fact, it was no more like the Harley Street Doctor than it was like the Shah of Persia, further than this, that the effigy had a clean shaved face and a longish nose. Whether it was sketched by an artist on the spot, at San Remo, or by a small school boy in the Strand who was working from a written description, sent to him in a letter, it is equally unlike the individual it represents. If the London "Graphic" would like to see some good wood engravings of public men, which are really portraits, we can recommend it to dip into "Harpers weekly" from New York, or even one or two periodic illustrated papers published in Madrid, which Englishmen would think ought not to surpass London in its illustrative and delineating abilities.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.
(FROM THE LONDON "DAILY NEWS"
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

MOORE, NEAR WARRINGTON,
March 20th, 1888.

At Eastham, partly described in a former letter, the labourers have established their first colony. The huts, as they are called, are the first things that strike the eye of a visitor landing by the steamer from Liverpool. But they are large huts—some of them eight or ten-roomed double houses, with an upper storey. These are, in fact, neatly built, substantial wooden houses, such as a rancher in Texas would call palaces. The Eastham colony has its aristocratic quarter, where the "swells" of the navy community live. These are the "gangers," the navvies who by good conduct, strength of biceps, and force of will have worked their way to the top of their calling, and to positions of authority. The biggest and most muscular man I ever saw was one of these "gangers." He was trundling a barrow-load of clay, almost heavy enough, one would think, for a brewer's horse. These navvies, in the lower ranks of the profession as well as the highest, are mighty specimens of physique. They are picked men. Not a man among them, I was told, who does not consume three or four pounds of beef a day.

The rent of half a house is six shillings per week—a heavy deduction from a navvy's weekly wage—but the men who rent them are married, and their wives take in lodgers; husbands, wives, lodgers sitting, like Spaniards, at a common table. Among the nine hundred men who are at present employed on the Eastham-Elesmere section—there will be two thousand, by and by—these are more applications for huts, and rooms in huts, than can be supplied. But new huts are in process of building. Besides, there are villages round about where many labourers may lodge, and still be close to their work. I spent some time in a "hut," the floor of which was nicely matted; there were flowers in vases on a round table, a good supply of books on the shelves, and signs of taste everywhere. The view of the Mersey from the front windows—the stream there is about two-and-a-half miles wide—was itself worth six shillings a week. It is the labourers' own fault if they do not live fairly happy lives there. There are "organizing" musical tea parties, at which the ladies of Eastham district will preside and assist. They may have more "culture" in a week, those navvy sons of Anak, than the Barons of past times had in their life-time. They have a church, oven, a wooden "but" like the other huts in the aristocratic quarter, but of course,

without inside partitions. During evening service it is well lighted by a double row of oil-lamps. The pulpit is of plain, unvarnished deal; and in front of the harmonium—the sacred edifice can hold about three hundred and fifty people. "Navvies and their wives are particularly requested to attend—it should be stated that the services are non-denominational." But, in spite of this invitation, the attendance was told, seldom exceed more than hundred. Most of the navvies are Freechiners—that's the fact, for I have inquired into the matter, with some interest.

It is a won'erful spot, even in the present initiatory stages of the work. There are "shops" where the company manufacture their own trucks—from the dead bodies of the trees which they struck down two or three months ago. There are smithies, and saw-mills—wherein there is scarcely a man who has not had his finger or thumb cut off, or received some other permanent admonition, in some moment of carelessness born of familiarity with danger. On the four and a half miles between Eastham and Ellesmere, twelve or thirteen miles of railway have already been laid down by the use of the trucks that carry off the "spoil" dug up by the "navvies," whether of steel and iron or of human muscle. I have already described the work performed by the "American navy" or "American devil," as he is also called. This "steam navy," to give him his most common designation, is the invention of Mr. Dunbar, and the manufacturers are Messrs. Ruston and Proctor, of Lincoln. It is difficult without a diagram to explain the mechanism of the American "steam navy." That portion of the machine which is specially entitled to the name "navy" consists of a huge bucket with four teeth on its outer edge. This bucket is fastened to the end of a long iron beam, and the beam itself swings from the centre of another long beam or crane, which projects horizontally from the roof of the locomotive, inside which is the steam machinery that sets the whole in motion. Chains from the outer edge of the bucket pass upwards to the outer point of the horizontal crane, and then along the upper surface of the crane to the locomotive machinery. When the chains are pulled, up goes the bucket against the face of the cliff or bank which has to be destroyed. The four huge steel teeth pierce into the sand, marl, or clay, and the mass which the teeth detach from the bank fall into the bucket. The bucket can traverse the whole height of about twenty-three feet, from the base to the surface of the bank or cliff. The "steam navy" can bite away twenty-three feet at a mouthful. But observe, the motion of the bucket is vertical. The motion of the crane, from the centre of which the bucket rod swings, is horizontal. When, therefore, the "navy" has had his mouthful of rubbish the crane is "jibbed" round until it stops right above the truck which is drawn up alongside the navy-locomotive. Then the bottom of the bucket is pulled open; in other words, the Yankee "navy" opens his mouth and spits his thirty hundred weight into the truck. "Spits" is the word which most accurately describes the operation. As I have said before, the Yankee never misses, and the sons of Anak strike work—for "grub." One giant leans against a post, crosses his legs, and cuts with a clasp-knife the bread and beef in his red cotton handkerchief. His dog-skin cap is tilted backwards, and his yellow Saxon hair sticks over his eyebrows. His cheek bulges out, while he mumbles, his reply, and with the point of his knife, shows me the way to Warrington. He eats like Jumbo. They all eat like Jumbo. They are by no means an unpicturesque group, scattered about the place, some leaning against something, others sitting, and almost all of them with red napkins—the navigator's favourite colour. A woman comes from the next village with a large cauldron of tea, which she sells at a penny a pint.

boy can play with him. But the Teuton is a monster—does the work of a battalion of mere humans. The German "navy" is of German invention, was never seen in this country until now, and differs greatly in mechanism from the Yankee. In the first place the German works from the top of the bank, the Yankee from the base.

The German is "a land-dredger," and therefore works from the surface, just as a water-dredger—scooping up the bottom—works from the surface of the water; and the principle of construction is pretty much the same in the land-dredger as in the water-navy. What may be called the engine-room of the German navy is a huge locomotive shed, on rails, of course. But the trains of trucks are not drawn up on either side of this locomotive shed. They pass beneath the locomotive shed, in the floor of which there is a trapdoor through which the earth and sand scooped up are pitched down into the trucks. But how is the earth scooped up, and how does it find its way inside the shed into the trapdoor? In this wise. From this movable shed there projects, outwards and downwards, an enormous iron beam, along and beneath which slowly revolves a line of immense buckets, tied to each other by stout chains. When the buckets travel the upper surface of the beam they are of course empty, but after they round the corner of the beam and reach the ground, and then turn inwards, they fix their sharp edges in the soil, and fill themselves as they go cutting and scrunching up the face of the bank. The loaded buckets follow one another inside, and one after the other they turn upside down and spit out their contents as they travel over the trapdoor. This navy-house being on wheels, it travels along at a creeping pace over each truck in the train, until the whole train is loaded. There are twenty-five or twenty-six of these buckets attached to the revolving chain. This German "navy" has filled as many as four hundred trucks in a day.

It scoops up about two thousand tons' weight in twelve hours. Can you imagine a ship as long as two or three Great Easterns, without a deck—with nothing, in fact, but her hull bare, empty shell? That will give you some notion of what the "cutting" is like which the German navy has made at Moore. Section in the short space of four or five weeks. That is the grand rate at which the German navy eats up Cheshire with his twenty-five mouths.

On this section is to be seen perhaps the most beautiful cutting on the whole route between Eastham and Manchester. This particular cutting shows what the finished canal will be like. It has not, it is true, been dug to the requisite depth yet; but it shows the surface width. Its sloping banks are clean and cut. And it is straight as an arrow. The work on this section is much less advanced than that on the Eastham portion. There are only about 200 man-navvies at work; their steam-and-steel mates" doing most of the work. On the way to Warrington there is a space where all the trees have been cut down. Their stumps, still white and fresh, exhale a sweet scent, to which I, piously and unscientifically say grace—after the virtuous stench of ugly Widnes. It is midday, and the sons of Anak strike work—for "grub." One giant leans against a post, crosses his legs, and cuts with a clasp-knife the bread and beef in his red cotton handkerchief. His dog-skin cap is tilted backwards, and his yellow Saxon hair sticks over his eyebrows. His cheek bulges out, while he mumbles, his reply, and with the point of his knife, shows me the way to Warrington. He eats like Jumbo. They all eat like Jumbo. They are by no means an unpicturesque group, scattered about the place, some leaning against something, others sitting, and almost all of them with red napkins—the navigator's favourite colour. A woman comes from the next village with a large cauldron of tea, which she sells at a penny a pint.

To-day's Advertisements.

FOR SHANGHAI.

THE Steamship

"PEKING."

Captain G. Heuermann, will be despatched for the above Port on SATURDAY, the 5th inst., at 4 P.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to SIEMSEN & Co., Hongkong, 3rd May, 1888. [465]

FOR SINGAPORE AND PENANG.

THE Steamship

"DEUTEROS."

Captain Iversen, will be despatched as above on MONDAY, the 7th inst., at 4 P.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to AH YON & Co., Hongkong, 3rd May, 1888. [466]

FOR PENANG.

THE Steamship

"DAFILA."

Captain C. Niclson, will be despatched as above, on SATURDAY, the 12th inst., at 4 P.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to AH YON & Co., Hongkong, 3rd May, 1888. [467]

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

CONSIGNEES of One Lot ONIONS ex Steamship "BORMIDA" from Bombay marked 2—3 & K are hereby informed that as the above Goods are rapidly putrefying, they will be sold by Public Auction, unless taken delivery of up to the 5th instant, at 9 A.M.

CARLOWITZ & Co., Agents,

Steamship "Bormida". Hongkong, 3rd May, 1888. [468]

A. S. WATSON & CO., LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the ORDINARY YEARLY MEETING of the SHAREHOLDERS of the Company will be held at the HONGKONG DISPENSARY, on MONDAY, the 14th day of May next, at 3 O'CLOCK in the Afternoon, for the purpose of receiving the Report of the General Manager, together with a Statement of Accounts to the 31st December, 1887.

The REGISTER of SHARES will be CLOSED from SATURDAY, the 5th instant, till MONDAY, the 14th instant, both days inclusive, during which period no Transfer of Shares can be registered.

"And we are a healthy population." This was said by a Widnesite with a face as yellow as a guinea. "Healthy," how so? "We seldom have fevers, or small-pox," the cases as we do have are imported; and that's because the acid fumes kill all the germs."

At this town of Runcorn, by which the salt trade passes from the river Weaver into the Mersey, and at which one of the five principal sets of canal works is to be constructed, there is little doing at present. The main work on the line between Runcorn and Warrington is, as already said, at Moore. It is here the "German navy" is at work. This German invader is much less human in his movements than the Yankees. In fact, it will be better to refine him, the masculine pronoun altogether, and call him "it." The German navy is a land-dredger—that's what he is, and a small

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The next busiest section on the canal line is between Runcorn and Warrington, to which the visitor may proceed round by Liverpool. The excursion steamers have now begun their spring service, and leave Eastham Ferry for Liverpool every hour. It is a pleasant sail of about five or six miles; and the railway run to Widnes on the north bank of the Mersey, opposite Runcorn on the south bank, to which you must cross, occupies about 20 minutes. From Runcorn, you may drive, or walk, to Moore. The village of Moore, on the south side of the Mersey, is about half-way between Eastham and Manchester, the two extremes of the Ship Canal. It lies in the fifth section of the route; Eastham to Ellesmere being the first section, and Barton to Manchester—a distance of about three and a half miles—is being the ninth and last. One advantage of approaching Moore from Widnes, on the northern, or Liverpool side of the Mersey, is the opportunity—or rather the necessity—of a walk across the famous Runcorn bridge, joining Widnes on the north bank, with Runcorn or the "south" bank, of the Mersey, is seventy-five feet above high water. The view from it is superb—of its kind. But it is a dismal kind. Widnes is the dirtiest, ugliest, most depressing town in England. The smoke of its "chemicals" ascends for ever and ever. From its innumerable shafts of dingy-red brick pour out volumes of glaring white steam, or of coal smoke, that gradually melt away into the brown-black canopy which blots out the sky, and through which a fragment of sun appears, like a rag of sickly pale-yellow orange peel. That bilious sun reminds me of a man's face I have just passed in those horrible streets of Widnes. The yellow Widnes face is the result of the alkaline and other exhalations, which, in the bleaching-powder factories, are so dangerous to life, and otherwise so vile, that no workman must face them without a thick cloth "muffle" over his nose and mouth, and even then for only a few minutes at a time. The street atmosphere of Widnes being a confusion of competing stenches, the marvel is that any escapee without a yellow face—Runcorn is the ditz of Widnes—only less. When the wind blows from the north-west, Widnes pours its poisonous smoke into Runcorn. When it blows from the south-east, Runcorn returns the compliment. When there's no wind at all, they enter into a criminal plot to choke up the fair vault of heaven—as they are doing to-day, while between their greasy, leprosy-yellow foreheads, the Mersey, like "turbid" oil, with sanguous streaks of scum on its surface. The seagulls are become so demoralised that they may be seen even in the smoke of Birkenhead, and their shrill cry heard amidst the din of steam pipes. But surely no fish can be so devoid of all sense of decency, and so lost to self-respect, as to venture into that stream of sewage. But though the details are mean and repulsive, the whole prospect—the vague limmer of the Mersey, vanishing, remotely, in mist—the haze and smoke hanging like curtains over dimly indicated or unseen towns, from Warrington and Latchford eastwards to Garston, towards Liverpool, in the west—all this has the grandeur and fascination, at any rate of vastness, and even monotony, as with the monotonous desert.

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THE HONGKONG TELEGRAPH, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1888.

NOTICE.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR ANNUAL SUPPLY

of
A. W. N. G R A S S S E E D
and
SWEET CORN,
for immediate sowing.

HONG DISPENSARY.

March 1888.

Telegraph

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1888.

The paragraphs which we reproduced the other day from the London and China Express regarding H.M.S. Impenie are in the colony of British interests in China; are most satisfactory in so far than one matter of detail, and particularly in the fact that the great iron ship requires so many alterations and is subject to so much delay before getting away, on her mission, from the hands of her designers and builders or refit. It is probably much more than two months since that telegrams and letters informed us of the ship's immediate departure for Hongkong, by way of the Suez Canal, and we find the Impenie still in Hongkong, awaiting trials and important alterations to render her fit for service. That such should be the

case is to be expected before despatching a powerful fighting-machine from the stocks of England to the other end of the world. It is perhaps only what might have been expected, when we remember that the vessel all through her career—even from the laying down of her keel plates and the driving in of her first rivet, "has been subjected to the most acrimonious litigations" from the mouths of naval experts and naval constructors. By the report of the *Express*, it appears the ship in her trials

of speed has not done, by three quarters of a knot per hour, what her designers or the constructors of her engines intended she should do, and although that does not amount to a vast and curious contrast, to nearly all the results in steam trials of such ocean steamers as the great mail companies of the Kingdom are turning out. With very few exceptions these merchant steamers exceed—in their trial trips—the speed for which they had been contracted. But in another highly important particular the Impenie appears to fall short of what a modern British battle ship should be—and that is in her draught of water. Intended for the defence of an important Colony in the far east it would appear the ship should have been designed, as, to draught, for taking advantage of the shortest route to that colony—by way of the canal at Suez. It is all very well to say "some ships must call at the Cape and why not her," but we may easily understand what enormous advantages may be lost in the exigencies of war, and for war she has been created by a powerful and heavily armed ship, carrying great expectations, being denied that short passage, all through objectionable features in her own construction, while the equally powerful ship of a possible enemy is permitted to pass through, and thus gain the enormous advantages in time, the all important item for which so much labour and treasure have been expended in producing as speed. The Impenie, it appears, draws just about three feet more water than the Suo-2 Canal can accommodate, and probably five or six feet more than she should draw for the satisfactory defence of British interest on the coast of China. For the effective and satisfactory defence of a great emporium of trade, such as Hongkong is, we ought, to have two powerful armoured-clad ships of no greater draught than 20 feet—vessels which could do anything and go anywhere in pursuit of an enemy. In addition to two such craft Hongkong should have not less than four of such submarine boats as the *Nordenfelt* whose value as a torpedo and a very cheap and useful engine of war has lately been pretty fairly demonstrated at Southampton. Their presence in this harbour, ready to act with two heavily armoured light-draught battle-ships, costing about one half of the sum spent

on the Impenie, would have a most powerful moral effect upon an adventurous enemy, and assuredly warn off all but the most determined and reckless assailants. Such a fleet of six or eight ships could be built for a very little more than that which the *Trafalgar* has cost, and their maintenance here in China, would be immeasurably less in proportion, than

ships like the Impenie which, from her description, strikes us as being a little too much of a costly and highly sensitive machine readily disorganized by a stray shot. Is there anything, as a battle-ship,

which can be more effective than a *ram* pure and simple, possessed of great speed, and without a single gun, desirable?—there is certainly no effective engine of war less costly; for a fast ocean steamer properly strengthened about the stem, would probably sink the most costly armour clad in existence, by delivering a concussion at right angles to the side. The great advantage of the submarine boat is its fearful method of attack; it is like a phantom enemy against which the bravest hearts would quail—for they would be fighting with an unseen and silent power which gave no notice of its approach and whose attack would be certain destruction against which no human foresight could make headway. As to the forts here, when they are finished and armed they may be effective or, as alleged—otherwise, but being stationary, like all other forts, would not avail to ward off a sudden attack from Tyam or Deep Water Bay as would four small and cheap submarine boats costing each about £16,000, which is about the price of an ordinary modern gun. Doubtless General CAMERON is quite prepared to repel an invasion on the south shores of the island, which it has been gossiped in Japan, both Russian and French officers have already planned and submitted to their respective governments. But, however much such questions have been thought out by possible assailants and by the Commander of the Forces here, we know not, and seek not to enquire into too minutely, although we assuredly, with others, fail to observe any great demonstration of readiness for defence. As to the assault on this island it might be made—this day—week—or at latest, only the day after a declaration of war. A fleet of half a dozen ships 100 miles away from Government House, on Sunday morning, might readily throw 2000 armed men ashore on the south coast of the island, who could be over the hills and in possession of certain points of vantage, above the city, long before daylight on Monday. We have faith in British Commanders and in British troops, but at the same time do not forget such surprises have happened, lately by semi-savages at the Cape, and formerly at other places. Steam has worked, a wondrous revolution in all kinds of warfare. In *Sylvatic opemoribus* the squadron of Commodore Wilkes quietly lying at anchor opposite their bedroom windows; it consisted of a heavily armed fleet of ships, which by the powerful assistance of steam, had come in from the ocean and taken up a commanding position at their very doors, while the good Governor, Sir John Young, and his military commander were snoring the snores of conscientious men.

THE LEGRAMS.

(Reuters.)

FRANCE.
LONDON, May 1st.
The Chamber of Deputies has passed the Panama Lottery Bill.

CHINESE LABOUR AND THE COLONIES.
270 Chinese laborers have been refused permission to land at Melbourne.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

H.M.S. *Cordelia* returned to Shanghai on the 29th ult., from target practice.

MESSRS. Carlowitz & Co. inform us that the steamship *Bisagno*, of the Navigazione Generale Italiana, left Singapore to-day for this port.

We note that the Hongkong, Canton and Macao Steamboat Company's night boat to Canton now leaves this at 6 p.m. instead of 5.30 p.m. as hitherto.

The Courier is informed that news has reached Shanghai to the effect that a big fire has destroyed nearly one-half of Yokosuka, the naval yard situated near Yokohama. The fire is said to have broken out in the Arsenal.

The Chinese Rendition case in which six prisoners are charged on remand with robbery and murder in a Chinese pawnshop, in the district of Sun Uli on the 8th March last, came on this morning for further hearing, when the prisoners were remanded.

The Shanghai Mercury learns that the Telegraph steamship *Freedom*, belonging to H.E. the Governor-General, is likely to be sent to Fuzhou, to repair the cable connecting that island with the mainland. The steamship *Freedom* Captain Piper, left her anchorage on the 27th ult., for Tamsui.

The N.C. Daily News of the 30th ult., gives the following additional information concerning the *San Pablo*:—Only the fore part of the *San Pablo* is now out of water. The masts are gone, the sides have fallen in, and the upper deck is also gone, having been burnt. The *Rocket* which was sent to the wreck returned to Shanghai on the 28th ult., at midnight. The *Fuhée* got back on the 27th. The U.S.S. *Brooklyn* returned

to the Attorney General introduced Mr. Reece to the Acting Chief Justice to-day, and asked his Lordship to admit him to practise as a Solicitor in this colony. Mr. J. Russell granted the required permission.

The Shanghai Courier hears that private information has been received announcing the death, at Tokio, of H. Ex. Siu Aoki, Japanese Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs. H. Ex. was married to a German lady, a native of Berlin.

Mr. SERCOMBE-SMITH to-day found the master of a jumbo \$2 for failing to exhibit a harbour light from his craft while riding at anchor in the waters of the colony on the night of the 2nd inst. Defendant was not in court when the trial was called but subsequently turned up and admitted his offence.

We are informed by the Shanghai Mercury, that H.E. Sheng Tsotai, Customs Taotai at Chefoo, and Chief Director of the C. M. S. N. Co., left Tientsin, with his suite of forty persons, in the *Fungshun*, on the 23rd ult., at 1 p.m., and arrived at Chefoo on the 24th at 3.30 p.m. After landing His Excellency the *Fungshun* left at once for Shanghai. Sheng left Chefoo about two weeks ago, and travelled overland to Chinan-fu, the capital of Shantung and from thence to Tientsin.

At the Supreme Court to-day, in Appellate Jurisdiction, before Mr. J. Russell, Acting Chief Justice; Mr. A. J. Leach, Acting Puisne Judge, and the Full Court, the Attorney General, pursuant to his motion made on the 7th ult., against the judgment delivered by Mr. A. J. Leach on the 27th March, in the suit *Tsui* Cheak Hin and others v. Ko Hong Tak, for breach of contract in the supply of a quantity of coals to the steamship *Dafin*, appealed against the said judgment. Mr. J. J. Francis, Q.C., who appeared for the respondent having submitted his client's case to the Court, their Lordships reserved decision.

MAJOR Lovelock, of the Wellington (New Zealand) Salvation Army, put his foot down heavily on a howling-match recently. "Now my friends," said the Major, "I'm a goin' to pass the plate round, and I caution you all to put in your money, every bit of it. Open your hearts and empty your pockets. Don't keep anything back, or you may be struck dead like Ananas and Sophia, as you've just been a-readin' of. Take warnin' by that ere married couple without embracement, and don't hold onto back." The Major sat down, and the plates went merrily round—and came back with the usual assortment of old copper and brass buttons.

A COOLIE was charged before Mr. Sercombe-Smith this morning with being concerned with others not in custody in robbing a sailor named Barfoot of H.M.S. *Surette*, of his silver watch and \$3, and another seaman named Smith of \$2 on the 2nd inst. The first complainant said, at midnight of the 2nd he and Smith walked out of the Globe Tavern and entered First Street, when accosted by two Chinamen who said they could find them a night's lodging in a good house. On getting into a house which the Chinamen had pointed out as being "good" the two sailors said they were robbed by the Chinamen who stroked them down before leaving. His Worship discharged the defendants.

WHAT is going to be the upshot of the American disturbance with the Sultan of Morocco it is difficult to say. The United States Government is against anything like a bombing policy.

Their squadron in the Mediterranean is not

powerful and only consists of two ships, the *Quinnebaug*, a third-rate, 910 tons, with eight muzzle-loading guns, and the *Enterprise*, a screw sloop of 615 tons, mounting six guns. This very small "squadron" is under the command of Rear-Admiral Green who was born in Ohio, and entered the service as a midshipman in 1848; he is said to be a person in whom the United States Foreign Minister has confidence, although the Consul will doubtless direct all movements of national policy in his dealings with the Sultan.

THE prospects of the Glasgow International Exhibition, which is to be opened in May, seem to be exceedingly good. An important meeting of the association of promoters and general council was held in Glasgow a few weeks ago, at which Sir James King, the Lord Provost, made an interesting statement. The Guaranteed fund, he mentioned, now approaches £300,000 while that of Manchester last year was only £150,000, and those of the Hesburgh, Inventories and Fisheries of London were under £100,000 in each case. Already a revenue of £42,000 has been secured, including £20,000 for the Refreshment Department. The building is 1,250 feet long by 265 feet wide, and will afford an area for exhibits of nearly 320,000 square feet in excess of the Manchester Exhibition, and will make it the largest which has been held in the United Kingdom since 1862.

Two tailors aged 24 and 26 respectively were this morning charged on remand with others not in custody for conspiring together to hinder one Tong Achat, also tailor, from carrying on a lawful trade—in Bridge Street on the 28th ult. The complainant said he was a tailor and kept a shop near the Man Po temple. On 28th ult., the two defendants came to his place with four others and demanded that he should join the Purse-Makers-Guild by paying a subscription of £2 a month in the hands of the two defendants who were at the head of the so-called "Guild." He, complainant, objected to join the fraternity whereupon the defendants began smashing up and destroying his property. The complainant's

story was corroborated by a witness engaged in the shop who said the defendants informed his master they had paid \$100 for the monopoly of the trade and objected to complainant doing any work outside their knowledge and beyond the scope of the guild which had about one hundred members—all shopmen. Mr. Wodehouse remanded the accused to the 4th inst., demanding bail in two sureties of \$100 each for each prisoner.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Hongkong Rifle Association, published in another column, to the effect that a silver spoon competition will be shown for every Saturday at 5 p.m. at the Kowloon Range.

At DETROIT a woman has brought an action for divorce because her husband hit her with a decayed apple when she implored him to tell where he had been. It seems to have been a case in which a soft answer did not turn away wrath.

The following is the composition of the New Dutch Ministry:—Baron Mackay, Premier and Minister of the Interior; Mr. Keuchenius, Minister of Colonies; Mr. Godin de Beaufort, Finance; Jonkheer Hartzen, Foreign Affairs; Ruy van Herenbroek, Justice; Rear-Admiral Dierckink, Marine; Colonel Bergansius, War; Mr. Havelaar, Public Works.

We are informed that the 270 Chinese passengers who, according to the telegram published to-day, were refused permission to land at Melbourne, had left this port by the steamship *Afghan* on March 27th. The *Catterthun* which left on the same date with emigrants on board, as well as the *Tsuan* which left on the 8th ult., followed by the *Menmuir* and the *Guthrie* will, probably meet the same fate as the *Afghan*.

A COLLISION, says the N.C. Daily News,

occurred outside Ningpo on the night of the 26th ult. between the *Ichang* and a small junk.

The junk sank some 500 yards from Tiger Island, and the *Ichang* had some of her guard knocked away. In consequence of the collision and fog, the *Ichang* did not arrive in Shanghai till 1 a.m., on the 28th, but she was turned round again and left for Ningpo so that she should not lose a trip.

SAYS the Shanghai Mercury:—The claim against the *Wenchow*, for colliding with a rice junk, is likely to be a heavy one, as the junk has gone to pieces and the whole cargo of rice destroyed. Tls. 20,000 is mentioned. The collision took place at night inside the Black Buoy. A pilot was in charge at the time. This makes us ask the question—How is it that the captains of the C. M. S. steamers always pilot themselves at Taku, whilst the captains of B. & S. and J. M. & Co.'s steamers take a pilot? Is it because their captains are a superior class of men?

We learn from the N.C. Daily News, that a very nasty accident occurred on the Bund on the afternoon of the 28th ult., by which a lady was seriously injured; she was driving in her private jinrikisha past the Custom House, when fast pony and trap ran into the flesh, upsetting it and the coolie, and throwing the lady out on her face. She was immediately picked up by a number of gentlemen who witnessed the occurrence, and a brougham was very kindly placed at her disposal by a lady and gentleman who were passing at the time. Her face was badly cut and she was also much shaken.—The owner of the trap adds our stopped and offered his assistance, and we are informed stated that if anyone was to blame for the accident it was he. The danger from careless and reckless driving, both by foreigners and natives, through the Settlement has been very much on the increase of late, and we think the police might be given more stringent instructions in the matter. A great many of the ponies in shafts are but half broken, and moreover a large percentage of the drivers are not competent to manage a spirited donkey, much less a "boberry" griffin.

THERE is an old proverb which says that "accidents cannot be avoided in the best of regulated families" and as the idea thus easily made may fairly be applied to ships it is reasonable to suppose that the breakdown in the engine-room of H.M.S. *Sapphire* and the consequent return of the vessel to this port yesterday morning, after being at sea for less than 24 hours, was a pure and ordinary accident which neither human intelligence, earnest care, nor cautious foresight could have staved off. Be that as it may, such failure of the frigate's efficiency is quite on a par with engine room failures all through Her Majesty's Navy, and at the same time a striking and curious contrast to that measure of universal success attending the engines of our mercantile fleets, whether plying out of this port or of any other in the Queen's dominions. As the serious breakdown of the engines of a mail steamer, on putting to sea from Hongkong, has probably never been known during the last twenty years, and as such vessels do not stay in port as many hours as the national ships do days, it naturally becomes a question of consideration as to what the prevailing causes may be. Though few people would care to attach the blame to any individual on board H.M.S. *Sapphire*, it is conspicuously apparent that for such a failure of the vessel's vital powers somebody is responsible, if not in the daily care of the engines, at least in their design or construction—which latter is more probably at the bottom of the disaster. The divided responsibility for the condition of the engines of H.M.'s ships, between the ship's engineers and engine-room artificers is a question which has often been argued, pro and con, in the technical newspapers of the United Kingdom. Some have alleged, in unmistakable language, the absurdity of the system; but whatever may be the immediate causes of such dead failures through and through the Navy, and whatever may have brought about the accident to the *Sapphire*, which it appears was too serious to repair at sea, it is unfortunately too true that

the case is tried; but it is doubtful if there will be any trial, as both vessels are Chinese, and the *Nanhai* being a government vessel, we are afraid the C. M. S. N. Co. will be the sufferers.

The *Kwangchi* was a wide berth. The corvette blew two whistles which was replied to by the *Kwangchi*. Soon after she blew one whistle, this was replied to by the *Kwangchi* and she posted, bending for the Soochow Creek.

On the afternoon of the 28th ult., shortly after three o'clock as the C.M.S.N. Company's steamer

Kwangchi was coming up the river, bound in

from Newchung, via Chefoo, and when about

opposite the Soochow Creek she was run into by

the Chinese corvette *Nanhai*. From what we can gather there was nothing in the way that

would cause any difficulty in the navigation of either vessel. The corvette had plenty of room

to give the *Kwangchi* a wide berth. First the

corvette blew two whistles which was replied to by the *Kwangchi*.

Soon after she blew one

whistle, this was replied to by the *Kwangchi* and she posted, bending for the Soochow Creek—a good strong flood was running at

the time. The corvette, however, ran clean

into her port side, nearly amidships, and those on shore looking on thought the *Kwangchi* would be cut in two, but fortunately she kept astern for some time. The main-mast of the *Kwangchi* came down with a crash smashing her starboard after boat and other things it came into contact with. It was broken off, close to the hurricane deck, and when we saw it, in

it was also about six

or eight inches wide and two or three feet in

length in her port side. The corvette cleared

herself and steamed off down the river as if

nothing occurred, but she left her iron martingale,

with some chain guys attached to it, on the deck of the *Kwangchi*. After the collision, the Captain of the *Kwangchi* gave orders to sound the after bell, and five inches of water was found there, and orders were at once given to use the pumps; and it was thought at the time that she was not making much water, and the steamer made her way up to the Kin-lee-yuen Wharves, when she turned round. It was soon observable that she was settling down aft, and that she hastened to beach her on the Pootung shore, where she now lies opposite the Soochow Creek. The harbour master was soon on board, and her anchors were got out ahead, and everything that was possible was done to keep her from sliding down into deep water. Her fore compartment and engine room is free of water. She has a valuable cargo of silk and other Newchung goods on board. It was almost miraculous that no one was injured, as there were a number of passengers on deck when the mast fell. Lighters were soon alongside and every means was taken

